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tion of pens, *bibelots*, books, souvenirs, letters, newspapers and music paper, upon which flourishes conspicuously the large red foulard which has the honor of serving him as handkerchief.

Behind this bed-chamber . . . hum! I am about to commit a gross indiscretion—prepare yourself . . . —behind this bed-chamber is the famous *cabinet mystérieux*, in which Rossini encloses his safe, all his works (scores and manuscripts), the souvenirs of his triumphal career, pictures, busts of price, portraits of artists, etc. No one has ever penetrated this sanctuary; Rossini enters here only after looking around with precaution. The summer reunions at Passy, have more intimacy, more *laissez-aller*.

Built by the architect Doussault on the grounds of the ancient Ranelag, bought of the city of Paris for 100,000 francs, and chosen by Rossini, because it had the form of a grand piano, this summer villa is truly princely. The garden is magnificent, and the richness of the kitchen-garden announces how much it is the object of a particular predilection. The ground floor consists of a little ante-chamber, in which is seen the medallion of Rossini by Chevallier; of a bright, comfortable dining-room, the ceiling of which is frescoed by Doussault; two *Salons Blancs*, the ceilings and painting of which, executed after the cartoons of Chenevard by three Polish artists, representing Palestrina conducting the Mass of Pope Marcello (so called) in the Sistine Chapel, Mozart congratulated by the Emperor Joseph on the success of "Il Fauto Magico," Mattei, Haydn, Cimarosa, Boildieu, etc. As to Rossini's bed-chamber, it is on the first floor, and offers to the curious nothing more remarkable than a low bed, a collection of Chinese *bibelots*, and a piece of furniture in violet-ebony, containing the manuscript works of the *maestro*, who keeps them carefully under lock and key, and only confides them to the copyist, under the supervision of his own paternal eyes. Looking after his interests as closely as an administrator, Rossini excels in making out specifications, and drawing up contracts. He keeps a little book of the contents of his cellar, and the regularity of the accounts would put the best butler in despair—each bottle of wine that is touched has its little red cross, and the *maestro* knows à merveille the quantity drunk at each of his dinners. He passes the entire month of December in making up his accounts for the year, heaving deep sighs over the expenses, and saying, after reading each bill, "Dieu! how happy the poor are, who are not obliged to spend money!"

Rossini has his favorite phrases, which he often repeats. If you compliment him upon this or that work which has transported you, he will say, "You are too good to interest yourself in the follies of an old man, for I compose no longer. I have forgotten how; but I am a great pianist. Diemer, Lavignac, Delahaye, are jealous of me: there is a conspiracy against me among all the pianists because I have not the same method as themselves, but I am going to enter the *Conservatoire*, and then they will have to behave themselves." Speak to him of France, and he will reply: "France is the country of pretty women, little pâtés and good wine: a charming country, which only needs contraltos to be perfect."

The real master at Rossini's house is the dog

Mina, whose province is well known in the musical world. When Mina is suffering the door is closed, and the piano silent. At Rossini's soirées this *mélomane* of a dog rests under the chair of her mistress; growling softly, she is only silent when they play Rossini's music, barks when they applaud, and howls if the pieces are to be encored.

At present Rossini is scoring the "Petite Messe" that he had executed at M. Pillet Wild's, and which is worthy of the pen that wrote "William Tell." His manuscript works (for piano and voice) have only been heard by a restricted circle of intimate friends; they mark a new transformation, a third manner in the style of the *maestro*, in which the melodic invention, harmonic richness, and exquisite delicacy are more apparent than ever. Inspired by a thousand trifling details, he writes delicious piano pieces which will make a revolution when they belong to the public. Such are "Les Fanfares," "Les Vingt-quatre reins," "Les Preludes fugasses," "Baroque," "Petulant," "Chinois," "Pretentieux," "Hygienique," "Hydrotheropique," "Les Quatres Mendiante," "Les Quatre Hors-d'oeuvre," "Les Couchemars," "Le Profond sommeil," "L'Etude asthmatique," "Le Hachis romantique," "La carresse a ma femme," "Le Pain-chant Chinois," &c. All these pleasant and eccentric titles are vivacious, and the piano music of Rossini, abounding in incredible beauties, will remain as the supreme manifestation of his eternal imagination, of his admirable genius! !

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

THE UMBRIAN SCHOOL.

PIETRO PERUGINO.

Born 1446, died 1524.

The fame of Perugino rests more on his having been the master and instructor of Raphael, than on his own works or worth. Yet he was a great and remarkable man in his own day; interesting in ours as the representatives of a certain school of art immediately preceding that of Raphael. Francesco Francia has left behind him a name, perhaps, less known and celebrated, but far more revered.

The territory of Umbria in Italy comprises that mountainous region of the Ecclesiastical States now called the Duchy of Spoleto. Perugia, Foligno, Assisi, and Spoleto, were among its principal towns; and the whole country, with its retired valleys and isolated cities, was distinguished in the middle ages as the peculiar seat of religious enthusiasm. It was here that St. Francis of Assisi preached and prayed, and gathered around him his fervid, self-denying votaries. Art, as usual, reflected the habits and feelings of the people; and here Gentile da Fabriano, the beloved friend of Angelico da Fiesole, exercised a particular influence. No less than thirteen or fourteen Umbrian painters, who flourished between the time of Gentile and that of Raphael, are mentioned in Passavant's "Life of Raphael." This mystical and spiritual direction of art extended itself to Bologna, and found a worthy interpreter in Francesco Francia. We shall, however, speak first of Perugino.

Pietro Vannucci was born at a little town in Umbria, called Citta della Pieve, and he was known for the first thirty years of his life as Pietro della Pieve; after he had settled at Perugia, and had obtained there the rights of citizenship, he was called Pietro di Perugia, or IL PERUGINO, by which name he is best known.

We know little of the early life and education of Perugino; his parents were respectable, but poor. His first instructor is supposed to have been Nicolo Alunno. At this time (about 1470) Florence was considered as the head-quarters of art and artists; and the young painter, at the age of five-and-twenty, undertook a journey to Florence, as the most certain path to excellence and fame.

Vasari tells us that Pietro was excited to industry by being constantly told of the great rewards and honors which the professors of painting had earned in ancient and in modern times, and also by the pressure of poverty. He left Perugia in a state of desolute want, and reached Florence, where he pursued his studies for many months with unwearied diligence, but so poor meanwhile that he had not even a bed to sleep on. He studied in the chapel of Masaccio in the Carmine, which has been already mentioned; received some instruction in drawing and modelling from Andrea Verocchio; and was a friend and fellow-pupil of Leonardo da Vinci. They are thus mentioned together in a contemporary poem written by Giovanni Santi, the father of the great Raphael:

"Due giovin par d' etate e par d' amori,
Leonardo da Vinci e'l Perusino
Pier della Pieve, che son divini Pittori."

That is,

"Two youths, equal in years, equal in affection,
Leonardo da Vinci and the Perugian
Peter della Pieve, both divine painters."

But, though "par d' etate e par d' amori," they certainly were not equal in gifts. Perugino divides into insignificance when we think of the triumphant and universal powers of Leonardo. But this is anticipating.

There can be no doubt that Perugino possessed genius and feeling, but confined and shadowed by certain moral defects; it was as if the brightness of his genius kept up a continual struggle with the meanness of his soul, to be in the end overpowered and held down by the growing weakness and debasement. Yet when young in his art a pure and gentle feeling guided his pencil; and in desire to learn, in the fixed determination to improve and to excel, his calm sense and his calculating spirit stood him in good stead. There was a famous convent near Florence, in which the monks—not lazy nor ignorant, as monks are usually described—carried on several arts successfully, particularly the art of painting on glass. Perugino was employed to paint some frescoes in their convent; and also to make designs for the glass-painters. In return, he learned how to prepare and to apply many colors not yet in general use; and the lucid and vigorous tints to which his eye became accustomed in their workshop certainly influenced his style of coloring. He gradually rose in estimation; painted a vast number of pictures and frescoes for the churches and chapels of Florence, and particularly an altar-piece of great beauty for the famous convent of Vallombrosa. In this he represented the Assumption of the Virgin, who is soaring to heaven in the midst of a choir of angels, while the twelve Apostles beneath look upwards with adoration and astonishment. This excellent picture is preserved in

the Academy of the Fine Arts at Florence, and near it is the portrait of the Abbot Vallombrosa by whose order it was painted. Ten years after Perugino had first entered Florence a poor, nameless youth, he was called to Rome by Pope Sixtus IV. to assist with most of the distinguished painters of that time in painting the famous Sistine Chapel. All the frescoes of Perugino except two were afterwards effaced to make room for Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. Those which remain show that the style of Perugino at this time was decidedly Florentine, and quite distinct from his earlier and later works. They represent the Baptism of Christ in the River Jordan, and Christ delivering the Keys to St. Peter. While at Rome he also painted a room in the palace of Prince Colonna. When he returned to Perugia he resumed the feeling and manner of his earlier years, combined with better drawing and coloring, and his best pictures were painted between 1490 and 1502. His principal work, however, was the hall of the *Collegio del Cambio* (that is, Hall of Exchange) at Perugia, most richly and elaborately painted with frescoes, which still exist. The personages introduced exhibit a strange mixture of the sacred and profane. John the Baptist and other saints, Isaiah, Moses, Daniel, David, and other prophets, are figured on the walls with Fabius Maximus, Socrates, Pythagoras, Pericles, Horatius Cocles, and other Greek and Roman worthies. Other pictures painted in Perugia are remarkable for the simplicity, grace, and dignity, of his Virgins, the infantine sweetness of the children and cherubs, and the earnest, ardent expression in the heads of his saints.

Perugino, in the very beginning of the sixteenth century, was certainly the most popular painter of his time; a circumstance which, considering that Raphael, Francia, and Leonardo da Vinci, were all working at the same time, would surprise us, did we not know that contemporary popularity is not generally the recompense of the most distinguished genius. In fact, Perugino has produced some of the weakest and worst, as well as some of the most exquisite pictures in the world. He undertook an immense number of works, and employed his scholars and assistants to execute them from his designs. A passion, of which perhaps, the seeds were sown in his early days of poverty and misery, had taken possession of his soul. He was no longer excited to labor by a spirit of piety or the generous ambition to excel, but by a base and insatiable thirst for gain. All his late pictures, from the year 1505 to his death, betray the influence of this mean passion. He aimed at nothing beyond mechanical dexterity, and to earn his money with as little expense of time and trouble as possible; he became more and more feeble, mannered, and monotonous, continually repeating the same figures, actions, and heads, till his very admirers were wearied; and on his last visit to Florence, Michael Angelo, who had never done him justice, pronounced him, with contempt, "*Gaffo nell' arte*," that is, a mere bungler; for which affront Pietro summoned him before the magistrates, but came off with little honor. He was no longer what he had been. Such was his love of money, or such his mistrust of his family, that when moving from place to place he carried his beloved gold with him; and being on one occasion robbed of a large sum, he felt ill, and was like to die of grief. It seems, however, hardly consistent with the mean and avaricious spirit imputed to him, that, having married a beautiful girl of Perugia, he took great

delight in seeing her arrayed, at home and abroad, in the most costly garments, and sometimes dressed her with his own hands. To the reproach of avarice—too well founded—some writers have added that of irreligion; nay, two centuries after his death they showed the spot where he was buried in unconsecrated ground under a few trees, near Fontignano, he having refused to receive the last sacraments. This accusation has been refuted; and in truth there is such a divine beauty in some of the best pictures of Perugino, such exquisite purity and tenderness in his Madonnas, such an expression of enthusiastic faith and devotion in some of the heads, that it would be painful to believe that there was no corresponding feeling in his heart. In one or two of his pictures he had reached a degree of sublimity worthy of him who was the master of Raphael, but the instances are few.

In our National Gallery there is a little Madonna and Child by Perugino. The Virgin is seen half-length, holding the infant Christ, who is standing in front and grasps in his little hand one of the tresses of her long fair hair; the young St. John is seen half-length on the left, looking up with joined hands. It is an early picture, painted before his first residence at Florence, and before he had made his first essays in oil. It is very feeble and finical in the execution, but very sweet and simple in the expression.

In the Louvre at Paris there is a curious allegorical picture by Perugino, representing the Comfort of Love and Chastity; many figures in a landscape. It seems a late production—feeble and tasteless; and the subject is precisely one least adopted to the painter's style and power.

In almost every collection on the continent there are works of Perugino, for he was so popular in his lifetime, that his pictures were as merchandise, and sold all over Italy.

Pietro Perugino died in 1524. He survived Raphael four years; and he may be said, during the last twenty-five years of his life, to have survived himself.

His scholars were very numerous, but the fame of all the rest is swallowed up in that of his great disciple Raphael. Bernardino di Perugia, called PINTURICCHIO, was rather an assistant than a pupil. He has left some excellent works.

THE REEVES-VARIAN CONCERT.—The concert last evening was a very successful and interesting event in merit and appreciation; although the size of the audience was not what it ought to have been. Madame Varian was in charming presence as ever, and sung with her old delicious sweetness, lending a charm to the happy selections of the programme in which she bore a part. "Nightingale's Trill," "Five O'clock in the Morning," and "Il Bacio," made her as great a favorite as ever, and left a lingering wish to hear her more. Mr. J. R. Thomas made a very favorable first impression, singing better than any baritone artist who has ever appeared in our city. His serenade won him a flattering encore, when he sang with the gusto of a regular buffo, "Simon the Cellarer," which was received tumultuously.

Mr. Wallis Reeves made himself quite a favorite as a cornet soloist, and was asked twice to repeat the pleasure of hearing him. "The Last Rose of Summer," for smoothness and sonorous playing was quite notable; while the "Whirlwind Polka," afforded intricate and difficult instrumentation.

Mr. Tingley was a good pianist, and in the solo "Don Juan" made quite a perceptible sensation. Although still young in years he exhibited an unusual skill, which will profit him much with growth of years.

The Grand Chickering added a great pleasure to the enjoyment of the concert. Its pure liquid echoing tones admirably filled the hall. We have to thank the artists cordially for the entertainment and the gratification they afforded our music-loving people.—*Daily Advertiser, Elmira, N. Y.*

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE EXPECTED THROG OF VISITORS—A NOVELTY—ART.

The Paris journals are discussing the prospect of lodging the immense numbers of visitors whom the Exhibition will attract to that city next year. The *Liberte* estimates that there will be from 100,000 to 150,000 persons added to the ordinary population: in other words, that at least one per cent. of several millions of new comers will desire to take up their abode in the city in 1867. It adds:

"Evidently there is not a sufficient number of houses or apartments ready to receive a fixed population so large as this. In fact, buildings equal to those of a large town would require to be built within the walls of Paris."

All the plantations of the magnificent park surrounding the Exhibition building are finished. No less than five hundred trees have been brought to the Champ de Mars to protect the visitors from the rays of the sun, which used to render that great plain almost impassible during the summer months. The alleys are also traced out.

A correspondent of an English journal writes: "We have heard, but we cannot guaranty the truth of the rumor, that a real novelty for the general public is likely to be introduced into the exhibition—the complete production, in the interior of the building, of a newspaper, including the processes of writing, editing, composing, correcting, imposing, stereotyping and printing by powerful machines. The title of the proposed little newspaper is said to be *Le Bulletin de l'Exposition*, printed in English, French, and German, and containing information of interest to the great nations speaking those three European tongues. Should the proposition be carried out, the editorial management of *Le Bulletin* will be confided to a gentleman who has been for many years the Paris correspondent of two well-known London papers, and the printing machines will be supplied by one of the most eminent Parisian engineering firms."

The *Phare de la Loire* and the *Union de l'Ouest* have received the following "communicated" note concerning the cloak-room:

"It has been stated that the concession of the cloak, stick and umbrella-room at the Universal Exhibition has been accorded to the Prince Imperial's dancing master, who has sold his privilege for several hundred thousand francs. The room has been regularly conceded to a person for the sum of 40,000fr., but the caution money not having been paid, and he having expressed his wish to withdraw his offer, the enterprise was accorded to M. Baronnet, whose tender was 32,000fr., being 1,000fr. higher than that of M. Petipa, professor of dancing. M. Baronnet at once paid his deposit, executed all the clauses of his contract, and is thus the definite lessee. Therefore, it is wrong, and manifestly with the idea of defaming the authorities, that certain journals have transformed